

**The Evening World**  
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**MODERN MURDER.**

French, Italian and Spanish courts and juries make a distinction in crimes of violence whether they were committed for passion or for money. While this difference is not clearly recognized in American law, it is more and more appearing in the lines of the defense in cases of murder.

Crimes for gain have always outnumbered crimes committed for passion or revenge. When duels were popular and regarded as the most gentlemanly kind of murder, recourse to them was the way to commit a crime of passion. The man who was jealous of another or envied him for desired revenge had this way legally opened to him.

During the many centuries when duels were legal unlawful murders were for gain. Stealing by force was a capital offense, and highwaymen, bandits and burglars risked their lives no more by adding murder to theft.

Also, in those earlier and more primitive days there were few ways known of taking the property of others except by violence. There were no stock exchanges, no railroad pools, no industrial trusts, no speculative manipulations. There were not even any stocks and bonds to manipulate. All property was tangible. It could not be taken from its owner without his knowledge, and to take it without his consent required force.

The discovery of other ways to take property dishonestly than by violence led naturally to a diminution in the number of murders for gain. Such industries as piracy, the slave trade, robbery on the public highways, organized bandits, the taking of persons for ransom gradually died out as the same kind of talents found more lucrative employment in trusts, politics and high finance.

This process has been carried so far that few murders are now for gain. Almost all men killings are for passion or for revenge. Boards of directors take the place of robber barons.

In the Thaw case there is no trace of any financial motive. The man who killed Dr. Townsend on Staten Island could not have been actuated by gain, because he took nothing. The frequent murders in the Italian colony in New York have rarely any pecuniary side.

Crimes for money have not diminished in number, but in the nature of the crime. The most colossal and successful grand larcenars substitute deceit and concealment for open violence. All the spoils of all the yegmen of the United States for a year do not equal the profits from Edward H. Harriman's Union Pacific coup of last summer.

The making of murder for money unprofitable will tend to restrict murders to revenge and passion. Of the many notorious murder trials of the past ten years the Patrick case is the only one where personal pecuniary gain was charged as the motive. And in the Patrick case it is now generally conceded that, however much Patrick may have desired as to Rice's death, his efforts took the course of assisting natural causes, and that the chloroform story of Valet Jones was an invention.



However, the text of the criminal law may remain unchanged, the substance of its enforcement will be varied by the prevalence of murder for passion and the absence of murder for gain. All men are opposed to murder for gain. Every householder feels the menace of burglary, because not the personal equation but the property is what sways the burglar. He has no personal passion or personal desire for revenge and one man's house is as good to him as another's. Therefore, everybody having property to lose takes alarm when there are burglars in the neighborhood.

But crimes of passion cause no such general alarm and put only a minority of the community in prospective peril. The man who has no enemy desirous of killing him has nothing to fear. The man who has never provoked a husband's jealousy or a father's or brother's wrath is in no peril of death from their revenge.

Almost all crimes of passion require a woman's inspiration. Men may kill in sudden anger, but in the premeditated murder of passion or revenge the woman must be looked for.

**Letters from the People.**

**Pity for the Conductor.**

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Why is it that the often overworked conductors in New York have to stand all the abuse of the passengers? There should be some way to stop this abuse because the conductors as a rule are hard working and honest. Passengers should be courteous and polite toward the conductors and remember they should be given consideration and treated like other human beings.  
E. J. D.

**Eighty Cent Gas.**

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Why doesn't the Gas Trust introduce a simple way to read the index on their gas meters? There are thousands of poor consumers who are unable to read the index. It should be made so that a school boy could read it. Also the company should issue a card of notice that the inspector could leave at the time the index is taken, so that the consumer can verify it.  
W. H. K.

**Brother Won't Work.**

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I have a brother who is feeble-minded and hasn't got any ambition to do anything. He has had several jobs and employers say he is too lazy to work. Will readers who know about such matters advise us about such a boy? He is eighteen years old now.  
S. R.

**Tax on Bachelors.**

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Some years ago when some one proposed the Legislature to pass a bill

taxing childless married couples and bachelors, the money to be used to educate poor, but talented children in the higher arts, he was assailed on all sides. While the people fairly trampled the idea under foot it has been bearing fruit. Many States have introduced "bachelor" bills the latest of these being Indiana. It even sent a tremor across the Atlantic into the Old World. I have been very much interested in these bachelor tax bills. Being a bachelor I still favor the idea J. H. C.

**Another Subway Kick.**

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Thirty-two minutes from Seventy-second street to the bridge by Subway express again this morning. Last night thirty-five minutes by Subway local from bridge to Seventy-second street is the Subway a huge joke? If so, why not let the jokers, instead of the victims, pay the bill?  
HERMAN J. KAHLRE,  
On Traffic Regulation.

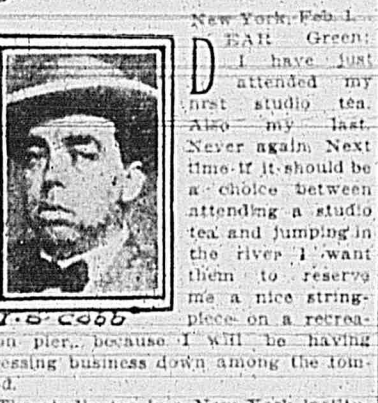
**To the Editor of The Evening World:**

Having occasion to do a great deal of driving, I am convinced the traffic regulations are of little value. It is no uncommon thing to be kept waiting in line as much as ten minutes at a time. It is evident the police department cannot handle this congestion. I would suggest the Mayor appoint a commission to go abroad again to study the methods employed in London and other of Europe's metropolitan centers, where similar conditions are much better handled than here.  
ENGLISH DRIVER.

**The Evening World's Laugh-Makers**

**Hi Glasses To Green Glasses At Funny Glasses, Va.**

By Irvin S. Cobb.



New York, Feb. 1.—I have just attended my first studio tea. Also my last. Never again. Next time if it should be a choice between attending a studio tea and jumping in the river I want them to reserve me a nice string-piece on a recreation pier, because I will be having pressing business down among the tongs.

The studio tea is a New York institution that should be taken in broken doors with about a thousand years between the doses. It's like alligator salad or Gov. Hughes's whiskies—you have to get acclimated to it before you really care for it. A studio tea is a place where the pit-flasks and the pill-bottles go and let on to be demagogues.

The stage settings are comparatively simple. Because most of the guests bring their own scenery with them. This generally takes place on a Sunday afternoon up four flights of stairs, in a large, square room with a skylight in it instead of windows. A skylight is one of the most bohemian things you could find anywhere, and when you add two or three uncozy corners full of installment-house Oriental curios you have all the "personas" that are needed, except a few Joe-Micks stuck around throwing off a smell like Saturday night in a Chink laundry. It is also customary to serve a luncheon that is almost composed of food and a lovely punch containing several canned cherries and a quantity of horse liniment. The punch they gave me tasted like the stuff a photographer uses to develop his prints.

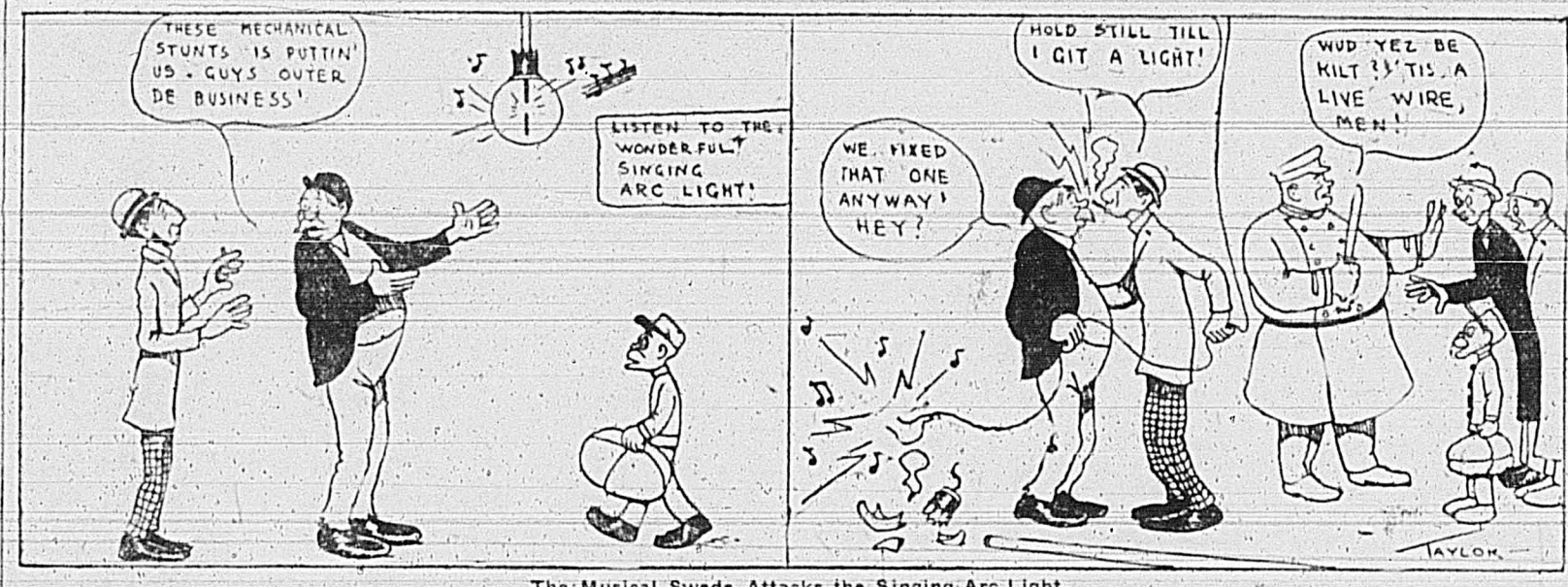
A studio tea is the favorite rallying place of all the novelists who haven't written 'em yet, and all the playwrights who are going to turn out the great American drama some day when they get the time, and all the ladies who would be at the very head of smart society any time smart society should turn around and start back the other way. When I butted in, a pale poet who ought to have his liver looked into, was seating one of those dopey canons such as you find in the Hundred Years Magazine immediately following a chatty special article on the Architecture of the Cathedral of San Phola in the town of Anchovis, Spain. It was all about the weirdness of the night and the weirdness of the moon, and the mystery of the bat and a lot of other material ravings. What did he expect? There's nothing mysterious about a bat in the night. Night time is the proper time for a bat. No gentleman wants to go on a bat in the middle of the afternoon or before breakfast.

After his Billions got through something a large horse-colored individual took the floor and began erupting some of the largest words that ever grew into manhood in Webster's Unabridged. He had on a kind of a glorified nightgown and a turban. And he greatly resembled one of those swabber-things that they clean out a lamp-chimney with. They told me he was Mr. Ram Mertar, a real East Indian fellow.

Well, maybe so, but if I looked as much like an Afro-American colored mulatto as Ramsey does I'd hesitate to

**The Chorus Girl Has a New Grouch on Dopey McKnight**

By Roy L. McCardell



The Musical Swede, Attacks the Singing-Arc Light.

"W HISPERS, KID!" said the Chorus Girl. "Now we realize that the echo of the big noise is useful to the nerves."

"For what? Ask me! Didn't I when it came to a question of humoring Old Man Moneyton or ankering Amy's fiancé George, the wine agent, didn't we play both ends against the middle?"

"And it was well we did, for Abie Vogelbaum and Louie Zinsheimer got caught underneath the falling stocks in Wall street, and if you see the sky redden over the wholesale district any of these nights, don't be astonished to read that the Zinsheimer & Vogelbaum shirt waist and cloak factory has gone up in flames. Total loss. Fully insured."

"Able and Louie was up to the flat last night and it would have wrung your bosom like a wash-tub to see the pain in their faces."

"Louis said Abie and he was pyramiding Nipissing when somebody pulled the basement from under it. From that on they were long on everything, and now they are short on money."

"Abie says the old adage, 'If at first you can't succeed, fail, fail again,' is no good in their case, as such is commercial distrust these days that credit seems to be limited to the time it takes the truckman to say, 'Here's the goods; gimme de money!'"

"That's why I say I wouldn't be surprised to learn any of these nights that the janitor of the building where Abie and Louie has their loft won't have to go on the roof and sweep off the snow any more this season."

"Old Man Moneyton met Abie and Louie before the quotient board every day this week, and he says their groans was pitiful to hear."

"They asked him what was a good thing to buy, and he said, 'I never buy stocks, I sell 'em.'"

"That's how he got rich, just like them merchant princes who make their millions because they always sell goods below cost."

"So, you see, we was wise not to ruffle Old Man Moneyton the wrong way, just because he encouraged Dopey McKnight to bring his rum-dum friend, The Musical Swede, to the flat."

"As I was telling you, George, the wine agent, carried on something terrible because two of a kind, a rummy and a dope, was run in on him."

"What good are they to me?" said George. "They never call for my wine, and if they did, they couldn't pay for it, and if they could pay for it, a wine is judged by the guys that drink it."

"It's come to a pretty pass," says George, "when a gent is asked to meet dead ones that wouldn't know the difference between Perfect Beer and Amer Seal, that spends its millions trying to cut into my trade!"

"But Mamma De Branscombe, although she regards George as a gent in every sense of the word and has a respect for the business he is in that makes her voice tremble with pride every time she mentions it, still Mamma De Branscombe couldn't come right straight out and take sides for George, the wine agent, against Old Man Moneyton."

"If it got down to cases, it might bust Amy's heart, three romance to blithering bits, but at that you can get a fancy any day, while a financier is hard to get near enough to holler at."

"If Old Man Moneyton does encourage Dopey McKnight and the Musical Swede, Mamma De Branscombe says, let him have his little eccentricities and don't put up the tall yells about it. For, if it got to be talked about and he should mention us in his will, his relatives might bring it up as evidence that he rattled under the roof."

"So George, being a gent, and having some business worries, on account of some waiters getting hold of some American corks and getting them redeemed at a quarter each by counterfeiting the Perfect Brut brand trade mark, George let it go at that."

"Not that George ain't right. I think it's a shame what we have to put up with from Dopey McKnight and his rummy friend. I'm so afraid they'll bring some awful polio on us, and maybe get our names in the paper in a way that won't do us any

good in our business."

"Why, they've got so bold, the pair of them, that they rough-housed Broadway and got away with the play, just the other night."

"Mamma De Branscombe and me and Amy had a box to see Paula Edwards in 'The Princess Heggart,' and Dopey and that awful rum-dum, the Musical Swede, thought it would be a good scheme to trot around and take us home, or make us give them a quarter's so to pretend we didn't know them."

"They was coming along, beating it toward the Casino, when just as they got under the singing arc light the tellahorned gag began to emit 'My Marriage, She Takes a Steamboat!'"

"Dopey and the Musical Swede had just been discussing how their mechanical piano-players, orchestra and photographers was putting real musical artists, such as long-distance piano-players, on the bum, when they heard the deep violin-organ notes of the singing arc light."

"Down with it!" hollered Dopey. There was a wagon-load of scenery standing by, and the Musical Swede sprang off a grip-bag and sails into the singing arc light."

"He knocks it from the bracket and down it goes with his wire singing 'Toot! Toot! She Goes Away!'"

Then the Musical Swede grabs it and gets ten thousand volts."

"Of course he didn't feel it, but a few sparks came out of his nose, and Dopey thanked him for the light for his cigarette."

"There was a crowd and screams of 'Live wire! But what can a live wire do against a dead one?"

"They had to form a police line and hold up the crowd till the current was shut off. That stopped the music, and the Musical Swede and Dopey were satisfied."

"They was so full of electricity that the cops was afraid to touch them, but fanned them off the block with their night-sticks, which are non-conductors."

"And it was just our luck to run into them, and both Dopey and the Musical Swede had the audacity to try to upbraid the cops was fanning them fine."

"They didn't feel the fanning no more than they did the ten thousand volts."

"Say, kid, would you move or marry?"

house to prove it. She had just acquired a miniature of one of her ancestors who came over in the Mayflower. She showed it to her mother, and I took a good look, and I know now that the Mayflower had a steering gear."

But as for me, I always cross my fingers when they begin to talk about the family arms. It's often a sign that in the preceding generation the family was earning a living with the chorus in the original "Black Crook" company."

Well, good-by, Green. I think we'll get the Thaw trial started next fall. It's almost as hard to keep a Thaw juror as it is to keep a cork."

But to keep a cork, your brother, H.

John's Obedience.

MRS. PLINT was a very stern woman, who demanded instant and unquestionable obedience from her children. One afternoon a storm came up, and she sent her son John, to close the trap leading to the flat roof of the house.

"But, mother," said John, "John, I told you to shut the trap."

"Yes; but, mother," "John, shut the trap!"

"All right, mother, if you say so, but—"

John slowly climbed the stairs and shut the trap. The afternoon went on and the storm howled and raged, says the Farmer's Advocate. Two hours later the family gathered for tea, and when the meal was half over Aunt Mary, who was staying with Mrs. Plint, had not appeared. Mrs. Plint started an investigation. She did not have to ask any questions; John answered the first one.

"Please, mother, she is up on the flat roof."

"Down at the end of Long Island the District-Attorney and the Judge and the jury, and the defense counsel, the lawyers, they concentrated their energies on men who gave evidence of being human. The jury box was filled in one day."

Any Thaw-besman betraying signs of being human promptly caused by the District-Attorney to be excused from jury duty in a capital case in New York because he is not always in bed before 12 o'clock at night. Dr. Simpson's case will be all sowed and put away before the Thaw evidence has accumulated to an extent to make the court stenographer think he is drawing a good money."

"About this 'Sunset' address," concluded the Venetian author, "what funny things we could do if we set them to music and all men agreed with Heinrich Conried and Prof. Strauss!"

**THE "FUDGE" IDIOTICAL.**

**We Vindicate Ourselves!**

Their motto is to keep SILENT unless they have something to say. Then they say it ten or fifteen times!

This is known as the "follow up" system. We do it ourselves. When we have said something we LIKE, we keep on saying it until EVERYBODY ELSE is TIRED.

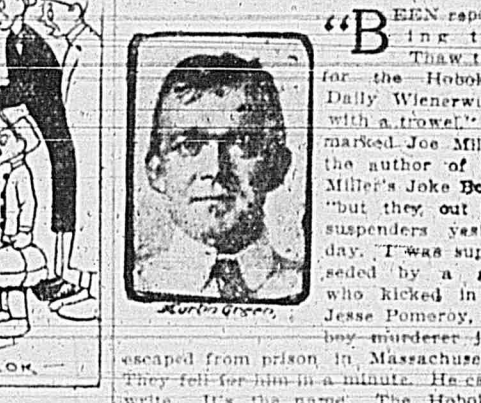
But—always a but—or but-in—we are not PAID enough for what we say. We say MORE than all the other New York papers combined ever say about themselves, but no one will pay us for it. We have exhausted our gold mine and weakened our intellect, but no one offers us REAL MONEY for our thoughts.

If we cannot be properly paid for making a NOISE, we should be paid to keep still!

What we want is pay! We do not care what we do to earn the money!

**Joe Miller Discusses New York and Jersey Justice**

By Martin Green.



"B EEN reporting the Thaw trial for the Hoboken Daily Wrecker with a trowel," remarked Joe Miller, the author of Joe Miller's Joke Book. "But they out-rye suspenders yesterday. I was superseded by a guy who kicked in as Jesse Pomerooy, the boy murderer, just escaped from prison in Massachusetts. They felt for him, and said, 'He's a hero!'"

It's the name. The Hoboken Daily Wrecker will in the future have murderers report murder trials, divorcees report divorce trials, burglars report burglary trials and housebreakers report arson trials. They hope to get a perjury to report perjury trials, but anticipate a great deal of difficulty in finding a perjury to report perjury. It is rapidly taking the place formerly occupied by appendicitis in our fashionable circles.

"The only people they can put the perjury number on are Aldermen, and they don't count. If you can't get perjury on an Alderman you can get something else by going out in front of the City Hall, ringing a bell and interviewing the first person that stops. Many do we get our Aldermen from having been interviewed in a marble yard."

"A good lawyer can fend off the perjury thing. The District-Attorney asks a witness if he gets his hair cut in the dark of the moon or on the Bowery. The witness refuses to answer on the ground that to tell the truth would tend to incriminate and degrade him. Anybody but a lawyer would think that when a man confesses that he could be incriminated it would be time to tell him to beat it from the witness-stand, but it's not so. The District-Attorney keeps on asking questions and the witness keeps on announcing that he is afraid of incriminating himself, until the District-Attorney throws up his hands and the witness goes out and makes arrangements to give a banquet to his counsel. Assistant District-Attorney Rand worked for two days trying to discover how Abraham Hummel Kaffenburg could give an answer that would tend to incriminate or degrade him, and finally the Judge dropped the flag on him. Kaffenburg had him distanced all the way."

"Speaking of perjury brings to mind the subject of trials, and speaking of trials naturally brings up the Thaw case. Three days after the Thaw proceedings started in New York, they put Dr. Simpson on trial for his life down at Riverhead. While District-Attorney Jerome was putting jurors in the box and putting a shotgun at a clay-pigeon tournament, the simple people down at Riverhead, L. I., were getting a jury. Really, the Simpson case is more important from a legal point of view, because all the evidence is circumstantial, while Thaw's counsel admit that he killed Stanford White."

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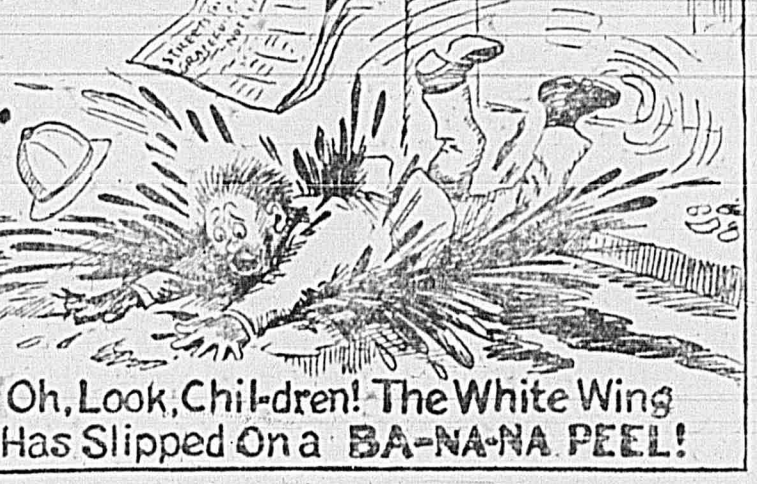
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**The Cheerful Primer.**



**See the WHITE WING! How White His SUIT is!**



**Oh, Look, Chil-dren! The White Wing Has Slipped On a BA-NA-NA PEEL!**

**The White Wing Is Very ANG-RY.**



**The White Wings White Suit is NOT So White NOW. Poor White Wing!**



**A VITAL SECRET.**

M. Z. (at the police station)—Can I see the man you arrested at my house last night?  
Chief Constable—What do you want to see him for?  
M. Z.—I want to ask him how he managed to get into the house and room of the lady without waiting my wife.

**WHY HE CROSSED.**

Washington was asked why he had crossed the Delaware on the ice.  
"I couldn't commit an anachronism," he explained. "It would have spoiled the painting utterly."  
Perceiving the wise foresight of their leader, the soldiers cheered him on.—Skeptical.

**COMPENSATION.**

Corkins—I don't know how I do it, but I can always tell what time of day it is without looking at a watch or clock.  
McStab—To be sure, Nature always coppers insinuate upon creatures that lack the ability to—Chicago Tribune.

**GREAT DISCOVERIES.**

The Chapple—What curious mistakes men make sometimes. I've just been reading, for instance, that Columbus imagined that he had discovered the Indies.  
The Married Man—Ah! I made a worse mistake than that. When I married my wife I thought I'd discovered Paradise.—Cassell's Magazine.

**Makes Convicts Pay for Their Keep.**

THE Connecticut State Prison for the fiscal year ended Sept. 30, 1904, establishes a new record of revenues. Earnings from productive labor aggregated \$57,411, while receipts from various other sources swelled the total income to \$61,015. This showing, representing nearly 74 per cent. of the operating expenses of the institution, surpassed the income exhibit of any previous year, and enabled the prison management, despite the high cost of supplies, to limit to \$22,861 its drafts upon the State treasury.